


NEWS

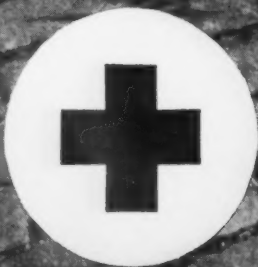
American Junior Red Cross

OCTOBER • 1953





SEE WHAT I CAN DO!—Dutch girl explores the mysteries of a yo yo she finds in her gift box from American Junior Red Cross. (More pictures on pages 14-15)



Good Times Together

VOLUME 33

OCTOBER 1953

NUMBER 1

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IN YOUR SCHOOL

Learning is the eye of the mind.

—Thomas Drake

School is your business

You don't have to wait until you are grown before you have a job. Right now you already have a job that is a very important one. That job is to learn all you can about the world you live in, and how you can get along with other people.

Your place of business is your school. Your guide and helper is your teacher. The people you work and play with are your classmates. It is up to you to decide how successful you will be and how rich you will be from your "earnings."

Our cover and its artist

"Good times together in your school" is the theme for the NEWS this month. Its cover shows some of the good times boys and girls the country over enjoy together on their way to school. Henry C. Pitz is the cover artist, and a very famous artist he is, too. He is director of the Department of Illustration at the Philadelphia Museum School of Art. He has illustrated more than 150 books, besides writing and editing several others. He has received many awards and honors.

United Nations Day

The blue and white flag of the United Nations will be flown on October 24 in lands great and small, from one end of the earth to the other. This day marks the beginning of the 9th year of this big world organization of over 60 nations. Wouldn't it be fine if your class could join in a birthday celebration in honor of the UN?

Japanese floods

To help the children in Kyushu, Japan, whose homes were flooded last summer, the American Junior Red Cross gave \$50,000 from its National Children's Fund to buy powdered milk and warm underwear and sweaters. This gift was in addition to 50,000 gift boxes and 100 school chests for use in the schools when they are reopened.

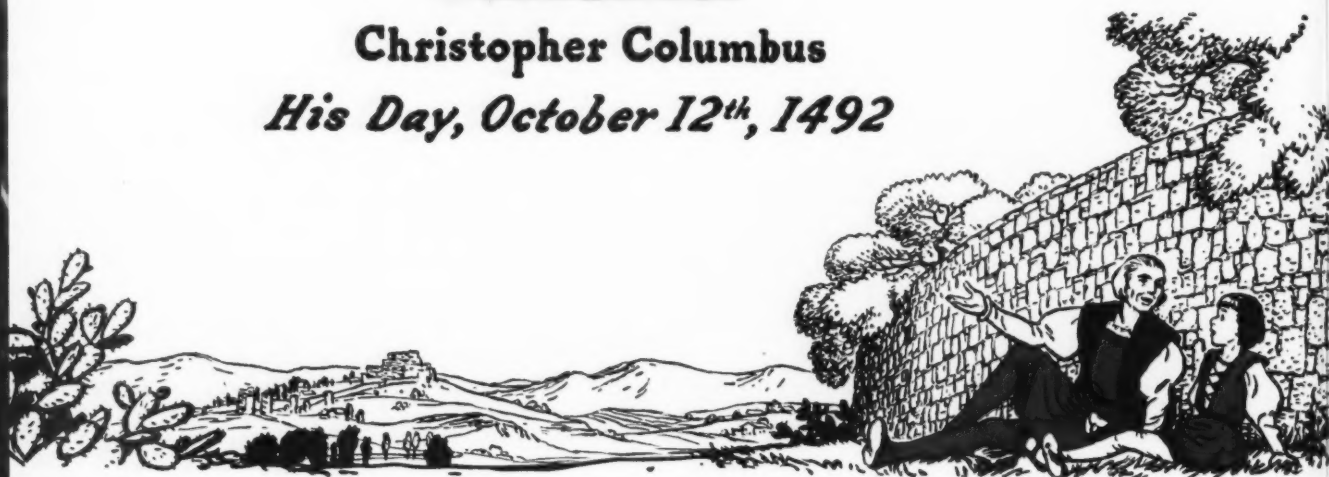
Start the ball rolling

Start the ball rolling for your JRC enrollment-for-service campaign, November 1-15. "Jolly Junior" brings you many ideas on how to get started. Look for these on pages 26-27.

—LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor.

The story of
**THE LITTLE ADMIRAL'S
FATHER**

Christopher Columbus
His Day, October 12th, 1492



THE ROAD was hot and so dusty that it burned their feet. The boy Diego and his father Christopher Columbus, hand in hand, had wandered the roads of old Spain for months. They were hungry, as well as very tired. In fact, since the day before last, all they had tasted were some grapes and a flagon of goat's milk begged from a herdsman whose farm they had passed. The boy, trudging bravely along, tried to keep up with his father's stride. Was he not the Little Admiral?

"If Uncle Bartholomew's maps are correct, we shall soon come to the edge of the world and fall off," Diego said at last.

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

has given the NEWS special permission to reprint this story from her new book, "A Candle for Your Cake," published by J. B. Lippincott Co. Copyright 1952 by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

"Be still, lad," Christopher Columbus said. "Have you so little faith in me? Because a stupid king and queen have kept me waiting for 7 years to prove that the earth is round, not flat, can you not believe your father, my son?"

The boy grasped his father's hand closer, tried to walk faster. "I do believe you. Even if Uncle Bartholomew is the honored printer of geography and maps in Lisbon, perhaps those cubes he draws as maps of the world are wrong. You will have a ship to prove him wrong some time, and then I shall sail beside you at the prow."

"My faithful lad!" His father touched Diego's dark hair. "We, too, shall find the Blessed Isles, the Canaries, about which stories have been told ever since the ancient Phoenicians rowed their galleys there. My thought is that one could sail on farther to an unexplored mainland that lies toward the setting sun."

The travelers came to an old stone wall around a grove of olive trees and they sat down in the shade.

"Tell me the story of those Islands of the Blessed," Diego begged. He had heard it since he was 5 years old and now he was 11, but he never tired of it.

"They were called the Blessed Isles on the oldest maps," his father began. "But Blind Homer wrote of them as the Elysian Fields and Plutarch spoke of them as the Fortunate Islands. It is said to be eternal summer among their groves, except for a few tall mountains on whose tips one may see white. Of late years, your Uncle Bartholomew speaks of them as the *Canaria* because those islands are said to be the home of mammoth frogs, friendly, but as large as wolves."

"And when you reach those islands?" Diego asked.

The man's eyes, set like two fiery coals in the gaunt hollow of his face, were raised toward the sun. "I shall not rest in those

flowery groves. I shall sail on until I reach the New World, in which I believe."

THE BURNING SUN blazed into the long afternoon and then went down in a charred volcano in the west. They traveled on but found no spring. His father wanted to carry Diego, but the boy would walk. It was Diego who at last saw, just as dusk was settling down, a small brown gate in a wall with a tiny silver bell within hand's reach. The wood around the bell was worn smooth to a polish with the hands that had fumbled to find it.

"Here, like a token from Heaven," Christopher Columbus said, "is a monastery. It is, I think, *La Rabida*. The good Fathers will give us food and shelter."

The tinkling note of the bell had hardly sounded when the gate swung open and a monk in a brown habit beckoned the two to enter. The garden within was an oasis. A fountain flung high a cooling shower. Soft grass led them between flower beds to a

Diego stood like a marble statue, his heart close to bursting, as the Queen read his father's message. ➤

Illustrations by
Iris Beatty Johnson



THE LITTLE ADMIRAL'S FATHER CONTINUED

gray-walled building from which came tempting odors of supper. There was a long refectory table set with earthenware bowls of soup. There were bread, figs, and mugs of milk. The two were too weak to thank their hosts properly until they had eaten. But the monks had seen that they were not the ordinary beggars of the Spanish roads.

"I am the dreaming admiral of whom you may have heard," the man at last explained. "Christopher Columbus, thought a fool for believing that the world is round. This is Don Diego Columbus, my son."

The monks were interested and amazed. One of them had been at the Spanish Court as a confessor to Queen Isabella. Indeed he still had influence at the Court. As Christopher Columbus told of his rebuffs in Spain, of his intention to go on to France and beg ships there, the monk urged him to remain at the monastery while he, himself, pleaded with the Spanish Queen.

So Diego and his father rested awhile within the peaceful walls of La Rabida. In some weeks the monk returned. He had been successful. Queen Isabella had been persuaded to grant an interview to Christopher Columbus. In due time he was given three ships anchored at the small town of Palos. The *Santa Maria* was 90 feet long and 20 feet wide, with a covered deck. The other two were caravels, small merchant ships. Men, water, and food were provided. On an August morning Christopher Columbus set sail for what was known as the Sea of Darkness, straight towards the Islands of the Blessed and the death that he was assured waited at the edge of the world.

Diego was left behind. It was an adventure upon which even seamen scarcely dared embark. Some of the crew had to be driven aboard with lashes. It was the first time in many years that Diego and his father had been separated. That summer, when

the three brave little ships set sail, the friendly monk found Diego crying in the garden of La Rabida. He laid a kind hand on the boy's head. "Be brave, Little Admiral," he urged. "By any chance did your father leave word with you when he left?"

"My father said to be a help to my mother, and to my brother Ferdinand—be as an older brother ought to be to the younger one."

"Now that is something to remember, Don Diego," the monk said. "It is time for you to be about the business your father left you. I believe that I shall be able to help you. When I was at the Court I heard that King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella need a page for the young Prince Don Juan. There is a fair wage for such service. I shall ask the Queen if she will employ the son of Christopher Columbus as a page, the servant of the Prince who is near your age."

So it came about that while his father sailed an uncharted ocean, Diego carried on the difficult work demanded by a cruel Court as the playmate and attendant of Prince Don Juan. The Prince was younger than Diego, but older in experience and in the cruel spirit that marked the Spanish Inquisition. Diego carried toys, but never had a chance to play with them. He had to allow Don Juan to win always at games. He served at but never partook of the lavish feasts provided for the Prince. He tended Don Juan's hawks, but never was allowed to hunt. He learned the Prince's lessons for him—bore his punishments. It was a hard life for a boy who carried in his heart the spirit of his father, the Admiral. But Diego never failed in doing his duty, and his wages brought comfort to his family.

Weeks, then months passed. No word came from the three small ships that had sailed from Palos. Young Don Juan died, and at the last showed his love for his page by clinging to Diego and begging his mother to keep and care for Diego at the Court. Diego came to be Queen Isabella's favorite

page, sitting at her feet, cheerful outwardly, but mourning for his father, whom all Spain came to believe lost.

Since Don Diego was so trusted a page, it happened that he was given a roll of parchment one day at the palace gates. The messenger had come from a distance. Diego saw, on the outside of the rolled message, the mark of the ship *Santa Maria*. He held the parchment close to his heart as he hurried to the palace. It was now winter. Suppose this message brought word of his father's death in some icebound sea. Diego's hand trembled as he placed the message in Queen Isabella's hands. He stood like a marble statue, unsmiling, his heart close to bursting as she read:

"I, Christopher Columbus, mariner, discovered a New World on October 12, 1492. These islands beyond the Canaries are green at all seasons, blossoming and bearing fruit as in May of Spain. There are groves everywhere and the nightingales sing in countless numbers. We have found seven or eight different kinds of palm trees, different flavors of honey, mountains, plains, and fertile fields.

"But our great wonder is at the natives. They are well built, with handsome bodies and good faces. Their hair is almost as coarse as a horse's tail, short, and they wear it over the eyebrows, except a small quantity which they wear long and never cut. Some paint themselves blackish and some white or red, whichever or any color they have, some all over the body and some only on the face.

"I knew they were a people who would better be reached by love than force. They came out to the ship in canoes that were fashioned from the trunks of trees like a

long boat and all in one piece, 40 or 50 feet long. They rowed with paddles and, if a boat turned over, these natives swam about and bailed it out with dried gourds which they carried in readiness. When they came aboard I gave them some red caps and glass beads and many other trinkets of small value, with which they were very pleased. They afterward came in their boats to the other two ships bringing parrots, cotton thread wound on balls, spears, and a great



▲ Diego's father's charts had proved the earth was round, not flat. Columbus had found a new land.

variety of fruits. These they traded with us for more glass beads and hawks' bells.

"They seem to have no iron and carry no arms except wooden spears tipped with sharks' teeth. I know they are not familiar with swords, for they cut themselves on mine when I showed it to their chief. Some had gold suspended from the nose by a ring, and they told me by motions that there is a land farther south where gold abounds, and where the king has a vessel all of gold in which he sails. Dogs there are in plenty in

their villages, large mastiffs, and what we call little lap dogs. The natives are very kind to them.

"These people have laid aside all fear, none of them refusing anything they possess, and exhibiting great love toward all others in preference to themselves."

As the reading went on Diego could scarcely bear it. His father alive, and the discoverer of another land. He would return to Spain in due time, the message assured them.

Diego Columbus was in front of the crowd that lined the highway to greet Christopher Columbus when he returned, when he made his triumphant way through the countryside and highways. First came some of those strange dark-skinned natives of whom he had written. Then came sailors carrying parrots, fruits, and gold. Last came the Admiral bearing proudly his new charts showing that Uncle Bartholomew had been in error. One would never be in danger of falling off the edge of the world. The earth, as Christopher Columbus had believed for

so many years, was not flat. It was round.

The story of Columbus is also the story of his beloved son Diego. We hear little about Diego after the return of his father, except that he had to give up his dream of the New World, sailing to help support his family. He let Ferdinand sail on Columbus' fourth voyage to the Canaries before Ferdinand was 15 years old. We read in old papers that Don Diego Columbus earned enough money to take care of Aunt Brigida, with whom he had spent country holidays, for her life.

It was Diego who was named in Christopher Columbus' will to administer his wealth and pay his debts. And there is a scrap of paper that tells boys and girls, "There is no record of Diego's even expressing his desire to sail with his father."

Well, how could he, with earning and taking his father's place at home? The story of a great man is also the story of a son who helped him become great, by standing by at home. Diego Columbus surely belongs in that great adventure of discovery that we celebrate on Columbus Day.



OUR SOCK DOLLS

Seventh Graders
Grant School
Port Huron, Mich.

BLUE and brown socks we started to use;
Either color we could choose.
We cut off the toe and cut it in two
So he would have two arms to hold out to you.
He had to have two legs, you see,
So he could sit upon your knee.
Then we sewed him up real tight
So none of his stuffing would be in sight.
Around his neck we tied a bow,
And slowly he began to grow.
We tied off his head, embroidered a face,
Two eyes, a nose, and a mouth in place.
Last of all we put on his cap,
And sent him to you—just like that!

—Three dozen dolls were made by
JRC members in Grant School
for distribution to children overseas.



Fourth graders at Summer Avenue School, Newark, N. J., paint toys for blind children.

BUSY AS 4B's

WE fourth graders at Summer Avenue School in Newark, N. J., are busy as bees in Junior Red Cross.

Some children brought in empty spools and blocks for us to paint.

We are using different colors to make the spools and blocks look bright.

Some children are painting cigar boxes to put the blocks in and to put bells in.

These toys are for the children who are blind or who have only partial sight.

Swiss for a Swiss-A

Howard's dream of owning a prize-winning Brown Swiss calf almost turned into a nightmare . . .

IT WAS just past noon and the little Swiss church in New Glarus, Wisconsin, was emptying quickly. Howard Teusy, worming his way through the crowd, ran across the lawn to the Swiss Pioneer Statue. As usual, several of his friends were gathered there, waiting for their parents.

"Hi, Howie," called Fred Volper, his best pal. "Have you decided on your 4-H project yet?"

"Sure have—I'm going to get a calf, a Brown Swiss calf."

A chorus of unbelief went up from the boys. One of them said, "Your dad give you the money?"

"No-o-o," Howard admitted, "but the 29th's my birthday, and he'll . . ."

He got no further. The boys began to laugh. They had heard Howard's big plans before. Howard flushed and clenched his fists. Fred started toward the group. At that moment, Howard's sister Doris called from the car where Mr. and Mrs. Teusy were already waiting.

"I'll show 'em," Howard muttered as he and Fred hurried to the car. They got into the back seat with Doris, both still upset, both thinking of only one thing—a Brown Swiss calf.

Mr. Teusy drove slowly down the main street of the little town, passed near little Sugar River, and the Swiss Museum, then turned west at the edge of town. Soon they came to the rich pastures of the Volper

Dairy Farm where a large herd of brown and gray cows were grazing.

Mr. Teusy cleared his throat. "As fine a herd of Brown Swiss as I've ever seen."

The boys breathed freely again. Fred nudged Howard as he said, "Thank you, sir. They produce the finest milk anywhere about."

Howard tried to speak in a reasonable voice, not asking, not arguing. "If I had a Brown Swiss calf of my own, Dad," he said, "I could start a herd and supply your cheese factory."

"You raise a calf?" laughed Doris. "Why, you'd kill the poor thing in a week!"

"I would not!" yelled Howard, forgetting his good resolve. "I'm practically 12! That's plenty old enough to have a calf for a 4-H project!"

Mrs. Teusy spoke sharply. "Children!"

There was quiet in the car as Mr. Teusy stopped at the Volper Farm entrance.

"Good luck, Howie," whispered Fred as he got out. Then he turned to say "Thank you" to Mr. and Mrs. Teusy.

As the car moved on, Howard took up the calf question again. "Dad, why can't I have a calf for my birthday?"

"A good calf like that is expensive," his father answered, "and you know yourself how everything you try to do seems to turn out wrong."

Howard knew what his father meant, all right. He hadn't forgotten last year's County Fair when he'd caught the greased pig and bumped into a lady tourist with it. Or the Kilbi Celebration when he'd joined in with the Men's Chorus and yodeled a final yodel all by himself, by mistake. Or the time last summer when he'd let his Uncle Bern's cows get into the nitrate bags.

-American

Story by
GLADYS RELYEA SAXON

So now he said nothing more as the car moved along the highway past huge red or white dairy barns and silos, past rich green fields and rolling wooded hills. But when they turned into the little road between his father's redbrick cheese factory and their clapboarded white house, he tried again.

"Please, Dad? Give me another chance?"

"I'll make you a proposition," said his father. "If you can help me in the factory until your birthday without getting into trouble, I'll think about your calf idea."

So, at 5 next morning, Howard reported to his father for the 3 hours he could work until time to go to school. Already, the trucks from the ten dairy farms which regularly supplied the Teusy factory with milk to be made into Swiss cheese were unloading their shining cans, then driving away with the sterilized empty ones.

"Your first job, Howard," said his father, "will be to mop the floors and spray them with disinfectant."

Howard shuddered. But he thought of the beautiful little brown and gray calf he'd seen in Fred's barn and he managed a grin. "Sure, Dad," he said.

The 3 hours went faster than he had thought possible. By 8 o'clock he had blisters on both hands, but he felt good, just the same. His father had praised his spotless floors. After school, he mopped more floors. All week he mopped floors.

When the second Monday morning came, his father said, "Think you can help with the curding this week, Howard?"

"Sure I can," Howard answered confidently. "You'll see."

He put on white overalls and cap and a yellow apron like his father and the other men wore. Then he went into the room



Illustrations by
Maurice Robertson

where tall copper kettles were being filled with milk and heated to 120° Fahrenheit. He stood on a bench and stirred the milk with a long paddle while his father put in the rennet extract which would make the milk separate into curds and whey.

And he kept stirring while his father added the bacteria culture which would later cause the new cheese to ferment just enough to make gas. It was this gas which would fill the cheese with holes and give it the right flavor.

Curding was much more fun than floor-mopping. Howard worked hard and without getting into even a bit of trouble for the rest of the week, and into the next—14 of his 25 days had gone by. HMMMMM, he congratulated himself. Time I was thinking up a good name for my calf.

By now Mr. Teusy was so pleased with Howard that he was letting him work with the men who packed the curd into wooden molds to form the 200-pound wheels of new Swiss cheese. He helped turn the wheels, too, as they floated in the strong brine of the curing vats for 2 or 3 days while the rind formed on them.

And he helped with the daily turning of

the wheels in the warm fermentation room where the culture put "eyes" and a nutty flavor into the ripening cheese. He even helped in the cold-storage room where the wheels of nearly completed cheese aged for 2 or 3 months before being sent to market.

In fact, by the 26th of the month, Howard felt that he knew just about all there was to know about making cheese. And he was more and more certain that nothing could happen to his chances for getting the calf for his birthday. He had a good name for her—Brown Princess of Teusy. That would really look swell in the show catalogs!

Soon after 11 the next morning, it was a Saturday, Fred and his visiting cousin May came to the door of the factory. The workers and Mr. Teusy had gone to rest and eat until time for the evening cheese-making. The three children were alone in the big silent place.

"Do you *really* want to know how cheese is made, May?" Howard asked, hoping very much that she did, so he could show how much he'd learned.

"I have to make a report in school about it when I get home," May said.

So, eagerly, Howard did his best to explain things as he guided her from room to room, Fred following with a bored air. They came at last to the cold-storage room with its racks of cheese wheels.

"Know what would happen if the air in this room got as hot as this?" Howard asked. He turned the pointer of the thermostat to 75 degrees.

"The cheese would melt!"

"No, they'd explode through the rind, and my dad would lose a lot of money," Howard explained.

"And you'd lose your calf!" said Fred.

Howard closed the door and the three children walked out into the sun.

"Come on, May, let's go," Fred urged impatiently. "I'm hungry."

When they had gone, Howard went home for his own dinner. After his father had gone back to the factory, he stretched out in the hammock under the maple tree for a

nap. Getting up at 5 every morning was no cinch, he'd found, but it would soon be over. And he'd have his calf!

Suddenly the dream he was having, in which he proudly led Brown Princess of Teusy to the judge for a blue ribbon, was shattered. His father was storming up the little road. "Howard! HOWARD!"

Howard jumped out of the hammock. "What's wrong?"

"Who changed the thermostat? Another few hours and that whole batch would've been ruined!"

Howard shuddered. He knew who had done it, and when. "I-I-I did when I showed May how it worked," he admitted.

"And you're the boy who wants to take on the responsibility of an expensive calf," said his father coldly, turning away. "Well, you can forget it."

Howard watched, almost crying, as his father went back to the factory.

Howard's birthday came, but the knife that Doris gave him and the set of tools from his parents seemed unimportant. Fred's gift of a curry-comb was even worse. Late in the afternoon, he rode out to the Volper Farm on his bicycle. At least he could see his Brown Princess there. The Volpers were all in town, so he wouldn't be bothered.

At the farm he made straight for the small barn where the younger calves were kept. Brown Princess seemed to know him and put out her head to be scratched. He led her outside, watching how well she moved, admiring her bone structure. She'd be a prize-winner for sure!

An odor caught his attention. Smoke! Coming from the barn!

Quickly he tied Brown Princess to an apple tree. Then, remembering Rule Number One in case of fire was to call the fire department, he dashed into the house. That done, he went back to the barns, led out the cows and calves to safety, then unreeled the hose and began playing it on the feed room where the smoke seemed to be thickest.



Quickly Howard led out the animals to safety.

Minutes later, sirens screaming, the firetrucks thundered into the yard and took over. His father and Mr. Volper and Fred drove in just behind them. Soon the fire was out and the firetrucks were gone.

"That's a fine boy you've got there," Mr. Volper said to Mr. Teusy. "Not only keeps his head but uses it."

"Not bad," Fred put in. "Couldn't have done better myself."

Mr. Teusy put his arm around Howard's shoulder. "Yes, I'm proud of him."

Mr. Volper continued. "Howard, you've always wanted that calf. Well, she's yours."

Mr. Teusy shook his head, started to

speak, then stopped. He looked at Howard, waiting for him to say the right thing.

Howard knew what he had to say. It wasn't easy. "Thank you," he managed, "but I can't."

"You know, Howie," said his father. "I've been thinking over that dairy herd idea of yours. Why don't we start it now?"

"With Brown Princess?" Howard held his breath.

His father nodded. "I'll buy the first. You can go on with it. Is it a deal?"

"Is it! You bet!" Eyes shining, face beaming, Howard ran to untie his Brown Princess of Teusy from the apple tree.



PHOTOS ON PAGE 2 AND ON THESE
TWO PAGES COPYRIGHT BY
SCHINMELPENNIGH, THE HAGUE

◀ Children in the flooded areas hurry to show their gifts of zipper bags and other things to their mothers.

After the Dikes Broke

AS SOON AS people heard about the suffering in the Netherlands during the floods there last spring, they began pouring in floods of assistance to the victims. The American Junior Red Cross sent 40,000

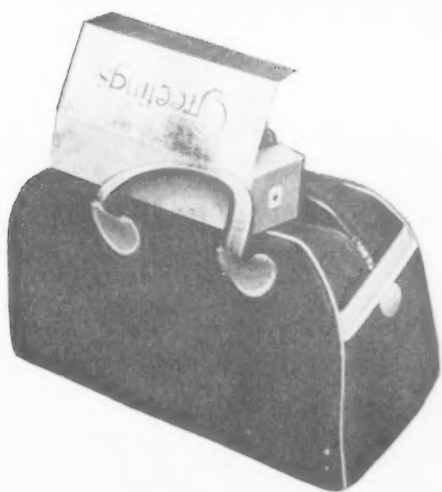
gift boxes, 60 school chests, and 6,500 zipper bags for children in the flood areas. Pictured here are some of these gifts being received by boys and girls who lost their homes and schools in the floods.

Little Dutch Jannie explores the treasures in her gift box from faraway friends in the United States. ➤





▲ Zipper bags are set down while Dutch boy tries out his new yo yo.



Two school children cannot wait to get home before finding out what is in their packages. ▼

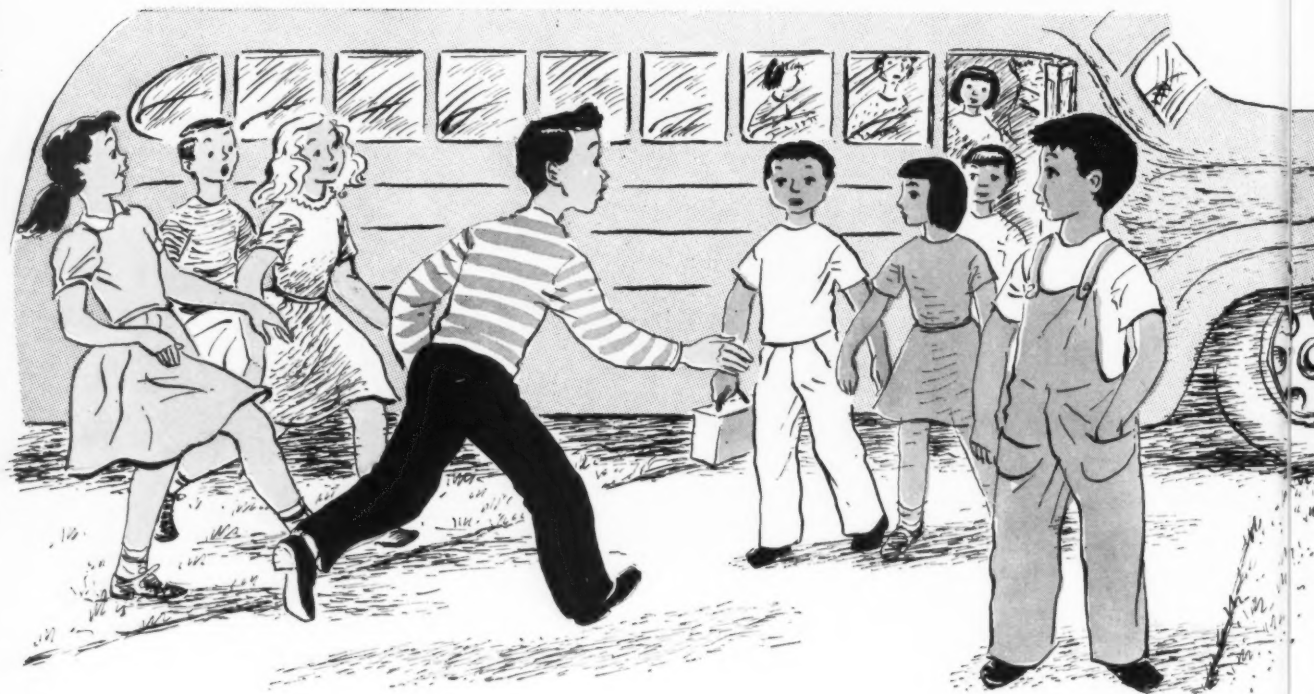


▲ Even the tiniest tot in Holland's flooded area gets a toy.

Squeals of delight greet each new gift as Dutch girls investigate their boxes from the U. S. ▼



THE RED ARROWHEAD



When the bus from Los Conejos Indian reservation pulled up in front of the union school, boys and girls from Miss Cory's room ran to meet the Indian children.

"Guess what!" they cried. "There's a new boy in our room. His name is Bert Wilson and he has more arrowheads than Rosario."

As Rosario La Chappa listened to them, his heart sank. Nothing could have made him more unhappy. Since he had entered school in the first grade, he had been known

as the boy with the best collection of arrowheads.

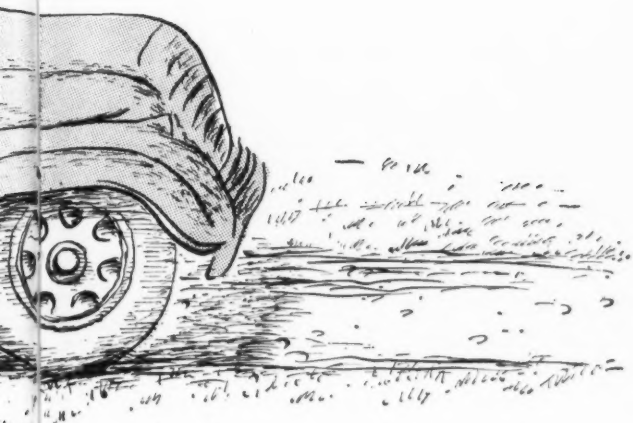
To some boys that would have meant very little. To Rosario it mattered a great deal.

When a boy just couldn't seem to learn to read, he had to have something to make up for it. That was what the arrowheads did for him. Maybe he was the poorest reader in Miss Cory's room—but he always got first prize for his collection at the yearly hobby show.

And now a boy with a larger collection had come to take this honor away from him!

Rosario belonged to a tribe of Southern California Indians known as Los Conejos or the Rabbits. These Indians lived on a reservation in the foothills.

Rosario liked the other children in his



Story by

ALICE REEL

Illustrations by

Grace Paull

school. They were friendly and didn't seem to mind his being a poor reader. Occasionally he gave an arrowhead to one of his classmates, but never one of the red jasper agates. In order to part with one of them, he knew he would have to like somebody very, very much. They were his most treasured possessions.

As he walked toward the school, he found himself dreading to meet Bert Wilson. He was sure the new boy would laugh at him when he read aloud in class.

When the buzzer sounded, he went reluctantly into the room. He didn't even want to *look* at this boy who had lots of arrowheads. But he couldn't resist glancing at him out of the corner of his eye.

Bert Wilson had red hair and merry blue eyes. He smiled as Rosario passed his seat.

SPANISH WORDS

Los Conejos (lōs kō-nā'-hōs) — "The Rabbits," name of a tribe of Southern California Indians

Rosario (rō-zā'-rī-ō)—Boy's name

Mesa Grande (mā'-sā grān'-dā)—Big reservation

Ollas (ōl'-yās)—Clay pots or jars

Magdalena (māg'-dā-lā'-nā)—Girl's name

Winnebago (wī-nē-bā'-gō)—An Indian of the Sioux tribe

Although Bert read without a single mistake, he didn't laugh when Rosario stumbled through his paragraph. And he didn't raise his hand to pronounce the words the Indian boy didn't know.

At recess he walked over to the baseball diamond where Rosario stood. "You're Rosario, aren't you?" he asked. "A boy told me about your arrowheads. Do you have any of them with you?"

Rosario reached into his overall pocket and took out a handful of arrowheads.

When Bert saw them, he gave a gasp of surprise. "Where did you get that red one?" he exclaimed. "What kind of rock is it made from?"

"It is a jasper agate," said Rosario proudly. "It came from a reservation called Mesa Grande."

About that time some of the other children came running up to the two boys. "Show Rosario the arrowheads you brought to school, Bert," they suggested.

Bert took several from his pocket. "These came from the states where they used to hunt buffalo," he explained. "That is why the points are larger than the ones you have, Rosario."

Bert seemed to know a great deal about Indian relics.

"My dad's hobby is collecting things,"

(Continued on next page)

he said. "We have *ollas* and baskets, too."

As the days passed, Rosario grew more and more unhappy. The children no longer asked to see his treasures. Instead they gathered around Bert at recess time. Every day the boy brought different arrowheads.

"You have so many of them," said Magdalena, Rosario's sister. "This year you will get the blue ribbon at the hobby show."

Bert smiled. "That is for the judges to decide. Maybe I have more, but Rosario has prettier colors."

Rosario couldn't help liking the white boy. Bert never tried to show off, and he was always so friendly.

"My father is looking forward to seeing your arrowheads," Bert said. "I told him about the red jasper agates. We are glad we moved out here in time for the hobby show."

Rosario made no reply, but he felt pretty sure that Bert's father *wouldn't* see his arrowheads. He had decided not to enter them in the hobby show. He couldn't bear the thought of seeing a blue ribbon on Bert's collection and none on his own. He knew the judges would give him second prize, but he didn't want that.

"I don't think I'll bring my arrowheads this year," he said.

Although Bert looked surprised, he made no reply.

Rosario told his father how he felt. "Bert has arrowheads from many states," he sighed.

"But you can't win all of the time," his father told him. "You have taken first prize for 3 years. Besides, what would the white boy think if you didn't bring your collection?"

Rosario hadn't thought about that. Maybe he would hurt Bert's feelings if he didn't

bring his arrowheads. He had seemed so eager to see the other agates. He didn't even act as though he cared about winning the blue ribbon!

On the day of the hobby show, Rosario took his box of arrowheads from a shelf and set out for the bus stop. As he walked along with the other children, he tried to appear cheerful. He didn't want them to pity him.

When they reached school, the pupils brought their hobbies into the cafeteria. Miss Cory said that they were to leave them there and arrange them at recess and at noon. The hobby show would start at 3 o'clock. A little before that time the judges would place the ribbons on the winning exhibits.

Bert helped Rosario arrange his arrowheads. "My dad is bringing my exhibit this afternoon," he explained.

At 3 o'clock the children filed into the cafeteria where their parents were already gathered. Mothers and fathers were chatting and admiring the collections.

Rosario didn't look toward the shelf where he had placed his arrowheads. He pretended to be very much interested in a collection of pressed wild flowers.

Then he heard Bert's voice. "Well, Rosario, I see you got the blue ribbon, as usual," the white boy said.

Rosario turned in surprise. Sure enough, a blue ribbon was fastened on his box!

"But what about your arrowheads, Bert?" he asked. "Did the judges give us both first prize?"

Suddenly he knew that he wanted the other boy to have a blue ribbon, even if he himself had to go without one.

Bert laughed. "I got a blue ribbon," he said, "but not for my arrowheads. You see, I decided that I would enter my Indian baskets instead. They were made by the Winnebago tribe."

Rosario was so relieved that he could scarcely tell Bert how much he admired the pretty baskets. But Bert was smiling, and Rosario knew that he understood.

In connection with the puppet play, "Tawny Scrawny Lion," April 1953 NEWS, we regret that we omitted to state that the play was an adaptation from Tenggren's Little Golden Book, "Tawny Scrawny Lion," copyright 1952 by Simon and Schuster, Inc., and Artists and Writers Guild, Inc., and may not be used for any performance charging an admission fee.

Just then he heard Miss Cory's voice. "Come here a minute, Rosario," she called.

The Indian boy saw that a tall man was standing beside her. The man was red-haired, and he looked so much like Bert that Rosario knew he must be his father.

"This is Mr. Wilson," introduced Miss Cory.

Bert's father grabbed Rosario's hand and shook it heartily. "So this is Rosario, the boy with the fine collection of arrowheads!" he smiled.

Miss Cory's face beamed. "Mr. Wilson wants to help you with your reading," she said. "I think it is a fine idea."

"If your parents will let you take the bus home with Bert, I will give you a reading lesson every day and take you back

to the reservation in my car," said Mr. Wilson. "Would you like that, Rosario?"

Rosario nodded. Somehow he knew this big, red-haired man would teach him to read. He would be kind and patient, too. Bert and his father were two of the kindest people he had ever known. He was sure they had brought the baskets because they suspected how he felt about the arrowheads.

He wanted to tell Mr. Wilson how eager he was to learn to read. But the words stuck in his throat.

Suddenly he knew what he could do to show his happiness. Crossing the room to his collection, he took out one of the jasper agates. Then he ran back and put it into Bert's hand.

"For you, my friend!" he said shyly.

THE END



Rosario put one of his prized agates into Bert's hand.



Using the English language, pupils at Hindenburg School for Girls at Nienburg, Germany, write stories about their pets for the AJRC NEWS.

Illustrated by W. E. Tinker

immediately rang up a veterinarian. He came, looked at my dog, and said: "It is best to kill the little dog."

I was very unhappy and asked him to wait only one day. He consented and promised to look at the dog next day, and he gave me a medicine for Bauxi. And really—Bauxi got well again!

A LITTLE TITMOUSE

By ELISABETH DROSSELMAYER

One winter morning when my aunt, my uncle, and I were going to have breakfast and had just sat down, a little titmouse appeared before the opened window. It flew to and fro and came nearer and nearer.

At last it hopped between the double windows and picked around on the cheese. On the inward sillboard there stands butter in a box. When the titmouse had seen the butter, it approached and tasted it. We all sat there and did not venture to move.

At last the little animal hopped on the table and looked around. Then it flew into a cup. We laughed so loudly that it

We laughed so loudly that the titmouse flew out. ▼



▲ The doctor came and looked at my dog.

MY DOG BAUXI

By RENATE PLATENHAUER

I HAD a cute little dog. He was called Bauxi. When he came to us he was just 6 weeks old. He had fine white fur and brown ears.

At first he could not walk up the stairs. But after a week he had learned how, and he always followed me wherever I went. When I went to school he, lamenting, remained in his basket. When I played on the piano he sat beside me.

One day Bauxi was gone. All the night I waited for him but he did not come. Next morning a policeman brought him to us. The dog had been knocked over. My father



was afraid and flew out. When I think about this little titmouse I must laugh as hard as before.

MY GOLD HAMSTER

By GUDRUN NAAKE

Two years ago I had a good school report, and so I was allowed to buy a gold hamster. I had wanted to have one for a long time, so I was very delighted with him. He got the name Mecki.

Now I will try to explain to you what a gold hamster is. These animals come from Syria. They are as big as mice and they are like them, but they have quite a short tail. They have a brown-golden fur and large pockets on the right and left side of the head, in which they pack their feed.

In the first weeks Mecki was very "wild," if I may say so. He sat in a corner and showed his teeth. He spat and in the evening when I gave him feed he jumped up to my hand and bit me. But he did not hurt me; only seldom did blood come!

On Christmas morning I looked in Mecki's home. What did I see! He lay rolled up in a corner. I thought he had died but he only had his hibernation!

After some hours he awoke, and from this time he was quite tame. Every evening he ran along on the table and on the sofa and was very happy.

So the time passed. Mecki was always happy. But one evening when I fed him, he was very quiet. He ate a little, but the next morning my mother found him dead.

I was sad because he always had delighted me. My father buried him, and his little grave is in our garden under a tree.

A BRAVE DOG

By ADA MEHLHOP

In my last summer vacation I spent 2 weeks at my uncle's in the country. One day I stood at the hen-house feeding the



▲ Mecki's grave is in our garden.

chickens, when suddenly five little martens came out of the field. One after another they marched along the hedge. The hens began to cackle fearfully and started to run away.

I grabbed a stick and ran after the martens. But they vanished into a pile of wood. I ran up to the house and begged everybody to come down to the pile.

My uncle fetched some sticks and went with us. We all took some of the sticks and started to poke. All people that came down the street stopped to look at us. But my uncle gave them a pole and said: "Don't stand here and laugh at us, better help us!"

By this time somebody had come with a dog. Fiffi crawled under the pile and when he came out, he had a marten in his mouth. We all shouted and stroked the brave dog.

Suddenly a marten came out of the pile and ran away, the dog after it, but after a short time Fiffi had caught it and brought it back. In this way we soon caught the rest. That was certainly an exciting day!

My uncle gave them a pole and said, "Don't stand here and laugh at us, better help us!" ▼





◀ Sixth grade boys and girls in Samoa locate American Samoa on the map of the Pacific.

Going to School in A

Over 5,000 children go to school in American Samoa, a group of 7 islands in the South Pacific about 2,500 miles off the northeast coast of Australia. Pago Pago on Tutuila, the largest island, is the capital city and has one of the best harbors in the South Seas.

Samoan boys and girls are mem-

Pieces of coral are used as objects for counting in an arithmetic class. ▼



Samoan children learn how to write numbers. ▼





▲ The coral floor is covered with laufala mats, and the children sit and write upon these mats.

nAmerican Samoa

bers of the American Junior Red Cross because Samoa belongs to the United States. In appreciation of the gift boxes which the American Juniors have sent to them, the Samoan school children have sent many beautiful gifts made from shells and native grasses to the schools of the United States.

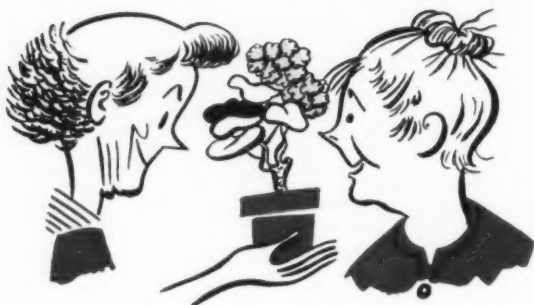


▲ Former Governor Phelps Phelps presents an American Junior Red Cross gift box to a Samoan boy.

◀ Samoan type school "fales" (houses) are pictured here. The roofs are made of cane thatching, the floors are made of coral.

The MAGIC GERANIUM

Story by
CATHERINE WOOLLEY



Illustrated by
GEORGE WILDE

Mrs. Wistful lived in a shabby house. The furniture was shabby. The walls needed paint. The curtains were torn. Mrs. Wistful often thought she would like to fix things up, but she didn't know where to start.

One day a friend gave Mrs. Wistful a beautiful rose geranium. The friend said, "This is a magic geranium. Put it on your table. It will make your house over."

Mrs. Wistful said, "Pooh! Magic geranium!" But she put the flower on her table.

The geranium looked bright and gay. Mrs. Wistful said, "Hm, that geranium makes the table look shabbier than ever. I will buy some green paint and paint the table."

She bought some bright green paint and a paint brush. She put on her oldest dress. She painted the table. The green table looked gay and cheerful with the rose geranium on it.

Mrs. Wistful said, "Hm. That shiny green table makes the chairs look awful! I will buy some rose-colored paint and paint the chairs."

She bought some rose-colored paint to match the rose geranium, and painted the chairs. The chairs looked bright and cheery with the green table and rose geranium.

When the paint was dry Mrs. Wistful sat down. She said, "Hm. This shiny green table and these rose-colored chairs make my walls look too shabby for anything! I will buy some paint and paint the walls."

She bought some pink paint. She painted the walls. She even climbed up on a step-ladder to paint the ceiling. The walls and ceiling looked spotless with the rose-colored chairs and green table and rose geranium.

Mrs. Wistful climbed carefully down from her stepladder. She said as she looked around, "Hm. These pink walls are too plain. I will paint some rose and green flowers on my walls to match my rose geranium."

She painted some rose and green flowers on her walls. The flowers looked so pretty that Mrs. Wistful thought, "I will paint some green and white flowers on my rose-colored chairs."

Mrs. Wistful looked at the gay walls and chairs and the green table and rose geranium and thought, "I certainly need some new window curtains to go with this pretty room."

She washed the windows. She ran up some crisp white ruffled curtains on her sewing machine. She hung them at the windows.

Mrs. Wistful felt very pleased. She said, "Now I shall get an extra good dinner!"

Mrs. Wistful got out the everyday dishes. She noticed they were cracked. She put them away and got out the best dishes. She got out the best knives and forks and spoons and the best ruby red glasses.

Mrs. Wistful cooked roast chicken with stuffing, and mashed potatoes and gravy and a strawberry shortcake.

She looked down at herself. She said, "Mercy! I must put on a clean dress." She

put on a clean dress. Then she called her family to dinner.

She said to Mr. Wistful, "You must put on your coat and tie, so you will look as nice as our lovely new house."

She said to her little boy, Tony, "You must wash your hands and put on a clean shirt, so you will look as nice as our lovely new house."

She said to her little girl, Sally, "You must comb your hair and put on a clean dress, so you will look as nice as our lovely new house."

Then they all sat down on the decorated rose-colored chairs at the green table with the rose geranium on it, in the room with

the decorated pink walls and the crisp white ruffled curtains. They ate their roast chicken on the best dishes, with the best knives and forks.

When Mr. Wistful had swallowed his last mouthful he said, "My dear, that was the most delicious dinner you have cooked in a long time. And our house looks very charming. May I ask what has caused this remarkable change in our poor old shabby house?"

Mrs. Wistful looked at Mr. Wistful. She looked at the rose geranium in the middle of the table. Then she smiled.

Mrs. Wistful said, "It is all because of this wonderful, beautiful, magic rose geranium!"

THE END



Mrs. Wistful even climbed up on a stepladder to paint the ceiling.



Jolly Junior Says— Enroll for Service

NOW IS THE TIME to plan for your Junior Red Cross enrollment campaign. The dates: November 1-15. Our goal: everybody in your school enrolled for service. Last year pupils in nearly 80,000 schools in the United States, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Guam, Samoa, Canal Zone and the Virgin

JRC members at W. A. Blount Junior High School (Pensacola, Fla.) have fun making Halloween favors for the naval hospital. ▼

Islands took part in Junior Red Cross. At the first meeting of your JRC council this fall, plan to put YOUR school on the Junior Red Cross map for 1953-54.

Enrollment Tips

- (1) Are you making plans now to get off to a good start November 1-15?
- (2) If you have a loud speaker, get permission to make JRC announcements during the drive.
- (3) Don't let an assembly period pass without some mention of Junior Red Cross.
- (4) Show a Red Cross film. Your school may borrow one from the chapter.
- (5) Have you made JRC posters for your school bulletin board?
- (6) Plan to speak at a teachers' meeting about Junior Red Cross.

(From Newark, N. J., "Newsletter")

A Good American

*A good neighbor helps all neighbors
In every way he can,
For only a good neighbor
Is a good American.*

—Sema Williams Herman

Take a Bow!

TEACHER-SPONSORS are the hub of the Junior Red Cross wheel. Without them



on the map!

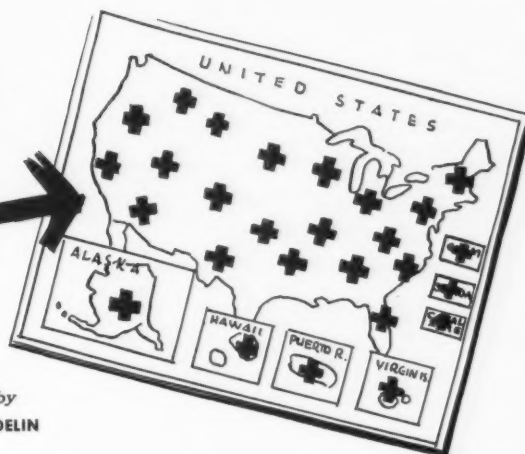


Illustration by
RUDOLPH WENDELIN

the program could not go forward. It is because of the interest, understanding, and enthusiasm of the fine teachers who are the leaders of Junior Red Cross in Westchester that our chapter enjoys its splendid Junior Red Cross rating.

(From "The Peep," Westchester County, N. Y., Chapter)

Fun with Funds

SECOND GRADERS at Maplewood School (Puyallup, Wash.) write about their enrollment campaign for the NEWS.

"During our enrollment week we worked hard to earn our money for JRC. We have \$5.50 in our room. That money goes to help other children.

"Our fathers and mothers helped us. Here are the things we did to earn our money:

- Washed and dried dishes;
- Cleaned rooms;
- Mowed the lawn, raked leaves, cleaned up gardens;
- Fed rabbits, ducks, turkeys, and chickens;
- Herded cows;
- Carried wood;
- Cleaned the garage;
- Did errands at store."

Our Red Cross Boxes

IN OUR CLASS WE ARE SENDING TWO RED CROSS GIFT BOXES TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES. WE ARE SENDING SOAP, TOOTH-PASTE, AND MANY OTHER THINGS. WE WOULD LIKE TO BE FRIENDS OF THESE CHILDREN.

Helene W., Grade 3
Winfield Scott School
San Francisco, Calif.

Penny Day

AFTER the children of Hemphill School (Birmingham, Ala.) had given generously to the JRC service fund, they thought they might have some extra pennies lying around home. They decided to have a "Penny Day."

On the last day of the JRC enrollment drive, they had Penny Day and collected \$19.45.

We Care, We Share

OUR 1954 AJRC enrollment poster shows how children in 60 countries around the globe band themselves together under the Red Cross flag for service in their own and other lands. This beautiful painting, by the famous artist Amos Sewell, was first used as the 1946 enrollment poster. ▼





Words and Music by
Beth Milliken Joerger

Stop, Look and Lis-ten, Be-fore you cross the street, Be
Stop, Look and Lis-ten, Think twice Be-fore you lead, Watch

sure the green light's shin-ing, Then go with hasten-ing feet;
care-ful-ly for sig-nals, Help o-thers by your heed;

Do not pause to laugh or chat-ter, In no way your steps re-tard,
Be for all a good ex-am-ple, In the day-time or at night,

Stop, Look, and Lis-ten, Be ev-er on your guard.
Stop, Look, and Lis-ten, Look first to left then right.

Illustrated by Jo Fisher Irwin

